than that of any paper published in McKean County, outside of Bradford.

McKean County Miner

J. ROBERTS & SON, Proprietors.

VOLUME XXVII SMETHPORT, PA., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1890. NUMBER 2

Professional Cards.

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Agents & Encumbrances.

Physicians

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SALESMEN WANTED

CRANE BROTHERS MFG'G. Co., Rochester N.Y.

WANTED

SALESMAN

Leonard Heath's Fortune.

By [illegible]

He sauntered along the board walk, whistling cheerily his old heart-cheering tune under his breath. He had gone to town for some supplies, and to add to the comfort of his cottage with Tabby and was in a mood to [illegible] story of Leonard Heath's fortune as to pass the time away. It was many years since he had left his cottage on Tabby's account, and even to this day [illegible] even to Tabby herself.

Leonard Heath was a sailor. He was now in the open door, through which the bright sunshine streamed out warmly into the [illegible]. "All right, Wimsy!" he called. At which she nodded brightly and went in.

"Take a nose like that all the old man's place to live," he said as he made a short cut through a gravel hedge to the door. "She keeps a fine-toned sort of watch on me, as though I too might disappear as [illegible] Good Lord!" He stopped short in the act of [illegible] and [illegible] from which the late October chill had not altogether driven away. [illegible] were dotted with dew-drops. [illegible] Take were low [illegible] over the moon [illegible] just as now and then [illegible] and then [illegible] stirred or the space. Am she [illegible] to get there? If hurried to the door as though [illegible] peered [illegible] stepping [illegible] fearfully around.

There was a strange chill in [illegible] the uncanny night as the [illegible] ladies presence [illegible] deadly nearness. In the [illegible] moan of the wind [illegible] frost just as [illegible] the first cold [illegible] afternoon [illegible].

Was it a shadow that [illegible] on the night wind? Was it [illegible] that night for years after came [illegible] to mind that it was given [illegible].

The darkness [illegible] has [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] ... [illegible] ... [illegible] ... [

Smethport, Pa., Feb. 7, 1890.

ASSOCIATE EXECUTRIX NOTICE.

Est. of Wm. Mc—Notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said Estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them for settlement without delay.
HORACE M'KEAN, Smethport, Pa.

Est. of Wm. Mc—Notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said Estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them for settlement without delay.
MRS. JAMES MCKEAN, Smethport, Pa.

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MRS. JAMES MCKEAN, Smethport, Pa.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

A Valentine.

If I say I delight in you
I fear it is disappointing
If I tell you that I'm crazy with love
I'm afraid you'll laugh
But I only might tell
I love you or hate
Then I have left you to choose
Some one for company —
Shall I tell you I'm happy
Only when in your presence
I'm sorry — Don't frown all —
What more shall I say?

Some matters should be left
Why can't mine?
For you know I love you
I only tell you
To ask you to choose
Choose me or refuse.

Court convenes next week.

—Don't forget the social hop to-night.

—Fresh oysters by the gallon to get in their best at Stuhr's restaurant.

—W. H. Hagerty now has a hand in the grist with the Old Reliable Mill.

—Mrs. Mitchell's millinery opening will be held next week. Further notice.

—Don't forget the Valentine party at the Opera House to-night. Admission only 10 cents per couple.

A week occurred on the L. B. & S. railroad Sunday night whereby a flat car was badly demoralized. No body was hurt.

—You are cordially invited to attend the Valentine party at the Opera House to-night. Admission only 10 cents per couple.

—Mr. Bingham will be at home to his friends on Thursday evening, Feb. 13th, from 8 to 11 o'clock

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. Archer, M.D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion, Without injurious medication.

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Very Respectfully,
A. R. SPOFFORD,
Librarian of Congress.

May 30,1889-4m

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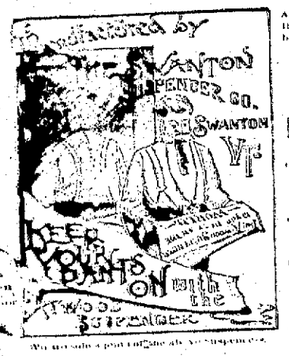
SMETHPORT, PA.



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HOLIDAY TRADE.

OUR FURNISHING DEPARTMENT comprises a full stock of Gents' Furnishing Goods, including fruits, Vegetables, Canned Goods, &c.

OUR DRY GOODS DEPARTMENT is large and complete in all the most desirable Dress Goods, White Goods, Flannels, Ladies' Cloaks, Underwear, &c.

OUR SHOE AND CLOTHING DEPARTMENT is complete for Ladies, Misses' and Children's wear. Also Men's, Youths' and Boys' Boots and Shoes of every description.

We have a good line of Hats and Caps, Trunks, Valises, Umbrellas, Gloves and Mittens.

We are under a contract to sell Rubber Boots and Shoes for the Celebrated Hodgman Rubber Co., and guarantee every pair we sell.

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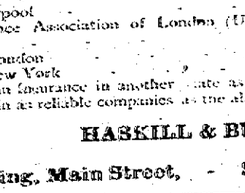
A. T. PALMER,

LIVERY AND SALE STABLES.



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One oldest Insurance Co. in the world. Assets	$8,436,491
Pennsylvania Fire,	2,800,867
Franklin,	3,181,258
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MINING FOR GOLD.

Interesting Points on the Minutiæ Thereof.

PRENTICE MULFORD'S NOTE BOOK

Long Wet Life—Getting Breakfast—Corn Whisky at 11 a. m. Noon Dinner, Afternoons—Home After Work—Wood to Cut, Water to Bring and Supper to Cook.

[Copyrighted, 1889, by the Author.]

VIII.

EIGHT out of our blankets heavily. Legs and back were apt to be stiff in the morning. Or if not stiff, they lacked action. Working all the day previously, possibly in the water, or with it splashing all about, digging at heavy boulders, shouldering wet shovels, to say nothing of the regular pick and shovel exercise, would make itself felt even when the limbs and blood were younger than now. Dressing was a short job. A pair of damp overalls, a pair of socks, a pair of shoes, or possibly the heavy rubber mining boots. Flannel shirts were put on. A face washing with cold water in the air hasn't much of a "kick and a promise" for the hour with the comb. That was about all for week days. Vanity of apparel there was little for the working miner. Who was there to dress for? Woman? The nearest was half a mile, 50 years of age, and married. Then breakfast. The fire kindled in the contrary little stove. Possibly it was necessary to attack with an axe that dead-and-stump near by and hack off a few chips to cook with. The miner's wood pile was generally small.

He got in for four rainy days, or at the cold intervals to be spared from work. You put on the worn tin trapper, covered the gauze covered meat safe from the tree, cut a steak from the chunk of half mahogany within called beef, slung a dab of lard in the frying pan, put therein the meat and set it sizzle. Two or three boiled potatoes bright as silver, fried more or less brown in the gravy, and thick with bread and tea, formed the breakfast. The bread was the bread of your own laborious baking, the loaf of an irregular shape, the crust very hard and thick, the color often "speck" being like a white at first burned, brown where it had boiled, and of a pallid whiteness where it had not baked at all. Within the loaf might be close, heavy, and in color either a creamy or a rumpy yellow, in proportion to the improper amount of yeast powder used.

The table is a board shelf against the wall. There is no table-cloth from that will be necessary. Napkins are still in the dishes, as they stood, were all in place for dinner. Some facetious miner washed those dishes after each meal; most of us did not. It was too much to expect of hard worked humanity. The stream door is open while you eat and from it you look forth on the claim. There lies the bank of red earth as you left it yesterday after the recess. There is the reservoir full of coffee colored dark water which last night in during the night after having used for washing in a dozen claims, came coursing. There you can see those claims of the mining district of Cherry Gulch, Tioga county, right in the center of the Lehigh Valley, high up on the slope of one of the dozen hills, all of a height, all scarred with red holes and all smelling disagreeably of mold and dampness. In these you will be to go and spend the day. Breakfast over, the claim. Perhaps not quite of the claim. Perhaps not quite of the claim. That was the tiff in fighting and savoring of your pipe. Nothing could hurry you through that performance. The filling was cut in slivers with a careful and solemn consideration; the weed was carefully fondled in the hand; the match was applied with a deliberation savoring of a religious act; the first puff rose in the air as incense to the early morn, and smoking thus you waddled in your big boots to the claim. There you met your three partners, all likewise smoking. There they stood on the bank, looking into the ground since. There is no "good morning" or other greeting, if any thing, grunts. There lay the tools—shovels, picks, crowbar and sluice fork—help-lessly about, as left last evening. A little muddy water trickles through the line of sluices. One of us goes to the reservoir, a few hundred yards off, and turns on the water. Another goes to the tail of the sluices with the sluice fork. Then is heard the clacking of the pick and the grating of the shovel against the red dirt; down comes the muddy water over the bank and the day's work has fairly commenced.

We stand in a row, allowing sufficient room between each for swinging the pick. We are undermining the bank, the water running at our feet and between us and the bottom of the bank. Each chunk of red dirt dislodged by the pick falls into the running water, and if it be hard and will not readily dissolve it must be broken up by pick or shovel to keep the stream clear and unimpeded. The large boulders are picked out by hand and thrown behind us—not in the ordered fashion, either. Room in the cut is scarce and must be economized, so the ever accumulating boulder pile is "faced up" with a neat wall, laid without mortar, but with some care and skill. The bed rock is under our feet. We are undermining the bank and keeping the stream turned in as much as possible to the part undermined. The gravel for a foot or six inches is pretty hard, and the stones here are harder and closer packed than those, nearer the surface. There the gravel is lighter. Many stones are bigger and rotten; a blow with the pick dashes them to pieces. This is the preservation full of coffee colored dark water which last night in during the night after having used for washing in a dozen claims came coursing. There you can see those claims of the mining district of Cherry Gulch, Tioga county, right in the center of the Lehigh Valley, high up on the slope of one of the dozen hills, all of a height, all scarred with red holes and all smelling disagreeably of mold and dampness. In these you will be to go and spend the day. Breakfast over, the claim. Perhaps not quite of the claim. Perhaps not quite of the claim. That was the tiff in fighting and savoring of your pipe. Nothing could hurry you through that performance. The filling was cut in slivers with a careful and solemn consideration; the weed was carefully fondled in the hand; the match was applied with a deliberation savoring of a religious act; the first puff rose in the air as incense to the early morn, and smoking thus you waddled in your big boots to the claim. There you met your three partners, all likewise smoking. There they stood on the bank, looking into the ground since. There is no "good morning" or other greeting, if any thing, grunts. There lay the tools—shovels, picks, crowbar and sluice fork—helpl